

Verses



Wm. T. McClintick



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VERSES

WRITTEN

DURING A BUSY LAWYER'S LIFE

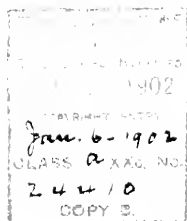
BY

WILLIAM TRIMBLE McCLINTICK



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P R E F A C E

The verses contained in this little volume were written, not in the leisure of an idle or pleasure-seeking existence, but at intervals during their author's long and active career as a lawyer and man of business—the latter half of it more than ordinarily occupied with engrossing work in both lines.

They are now collected and arranged by him after his retirement from the more active enterprises of his life, and are published in book form at the request of his family, and only for private distribution among his friends.

The verses were written at various times during a period of more than sixty years, and including, as they do, a variety of subjects, may be said to indicate, in some degree at least, their author's moods and the tenor of his thoughts at the times of their composition.

To his family the greater part of these verses have been familiar, and it is hoped, that now in this collected form, they may be of interest to his friends.

Chillicothe, Ohio, February 1st, 1902.

TO MY WIFE

ELIZABETH MARY ATWOOD McCLINTICK,

With whom I have journeyed for over fifty-six years,
this volume is lovingly dedicated, by her husband.

WILLIAM T. McCLINTICK

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VERSES

A WINTER SCENE

'TWAS cold and drear; for many a weary day
The clouds had lowered o'er the frost bound
earth;

On fields and woods, on homes of men, no ray
Of sunshine woke a song, or shout of mirth.

But now, at eve, while nature sinks to rest,
The bright sun lingers in the western sky,
The drear earth smiles and with an eager zest.
A blithe and joyous song sends up on high.

We fancy summer's come again to wake
To bloom and greenness, shrub and flower and
leaf,
Once more to garnish earth so cold, and make
It smile, as if there were no room for grief.

Yon tall old tree reflecteth smiles as sweet,
Yon rill laughs on as merry and as gay,
As when in spring the lark flew up to meet
The morn, and warble forth his matin lay.

How strange the scene outspread before us now!
This episode in winter's cheerless lay;
'Tis like a gem upon an Ethiop's brow,
Or like a smile on sorrow's face at play.

We would not wonder at the darkened sky,
The angry howling of the cold northwest,
For these are winter's; but on this the eye
As by a spell entranced, doth lingering rest.

'Tis so deceiving e'en the birds that hide
In some warm corner when the cold winds
blow,
Now venture forth on wing so long untried
To bathe their plumage in the sunset glow.

List to their warbling, like an angel's tone
It falleth softly on the enchanted ear,
Sweet as the melodies that we have known
In nightly dreams of Heaven's eternal year.

The light hath faded, and the gathering night
Her curtain o'er this lovely scene hath spread:
But see! on high, unutterably bright,
The stars their lovelier, purer, radiance shed.

So may the day, the one that is our last,
Close as serenely and as bright as this;
And as death's dreary darkness gathers fast
May gleams of light portend celestial bliss.

Chillicothe, Ohio, January, 1840.

AUTUMN

Ah! the dreamy languor of these autumnal days,
That gathers o'er the spirit as o'er the hills the
haze;

A weight that is not heavy, a gloom without a
cloud,

As if the air in solemn prayer upon the earth
were bowed;

A something wierd and holy, impalpable and dim
Like the sound of far off music, or chaunt of
funeral hymn.

The air is still, across the fields I hear, it is *so*
still,

The distant brooklets murmur, and the grinding
of the mill.

More near, the hum of bees, and strange, as if
apart,

With seeming sense of farness, the beating of my
heart:

O dear! what longings hold me, yet what delicious
calm,

As if with sore disturbance, there came a soothing
balm.

All things near seem distant, the distant seems so
near,
The puzzle is to tell which is the *there*, or *here*:
As well to time, as space, the pleasing witchery
spreads,
And past time o'er the present its melancholy
sheds
A strange untold confusion doth fill the dizzy
brain
With sweet and bitter fancies, a mingled joy and
pain.

Amid the silence of the trees there floats a leaf of
gold:
What parted it from parent stem, not any voice
hath told.
And while I watch its fall, another and another,
Doth follow, leaf by leaf, to join their elder
brother.
In sweet companionship they fall, in circling lines
and slow,
And gently rest upon the breast of mother earth
below.

Chillicothe, Ohio, October, 1856.

CLEOPATRA (Dying)

“ Shall they hold me up
And show me to the shouting varletry
Of Centuring Rome ?

* * * * *

Hast thou the worm of Nilus there
That kills and pains not ?

* * * * *

Give me my robe.—Put on my crown: I have
Immortal longings in me.

Methinks I hear

Anthony call.”

—*Shakespeare.*

BRING my crown and royal vestments,
Clothe me as on days of state,
When Mark Anthony beside me
Stood the seeming Lord of fate.
When he 'gainst Octavius Cæsar
Bold defiance proudly hurled,
When his strong right arm, uplifted,
Blanched the cheek of half the world.

When he gave me states for dowry,
Nor thought the gift was half my due;
Phœnicia, Cyprus, Cœlosyria,
Garnishing my crown anew :
When, in softer mood, he lavished
Words of adoration sweet;
Telling of his soul's devotion,
Making woman's bliss complete.

When, together at the banquet,
Quaffing Rome's Falernian wine;
With his burning eyes, resplendent,
Gazing fondly into mine:
Mine more fond, his gaze returning,
Striving vainly to express
Love's unconquerable passion,
Voiceless, in its tenderness.

Or, the banquet ended, hastening
From its blaze of garish light,
Walked we 'mid my palace gardens,
Curtained by the wondrous night;
Night, transparent, grandly glorious,
Such as Egypt only knows;
With the star-escorted Dian,
Mirrored in the Nile's repose.

Then, upon my own proud galley,
Yielding to the wave's caress;
Charmed and ravished by the splendor
Of the night's deep loveliness:
Silent wrought the stalwart oarsmen,
Silent shone the stars above,
While the rippling water's music
Rhymed the story of his love.

All forgot the world's illusions,
And the wideness of my fame,
While I leaned upon his bosom,
Heard him softly breathe my name.
Egypt's queen, but queen no longer
Of the realm within my breast,
There, my Lord, held sway divinely,
King was he of all possessed.

But no more he bendeth o'er me,
Calling me his star-eyed one;
I am left in desolation,
Fortune, kingdom, lover gone;
Doomed to meet the wronged Octavia,
In her Lord's deserted home;
Doomed to swell the Cæsar's triumph,
Through the streets of regal Rome.

Shall the Cæsar's base-born varlets,
 Shouting o'er me, mock my woe?
All the queenly blood within me,
 All the woman, answers, no!
Bring the worm of Nilus to me,
 Let it strike its painless blow,
Marring neither form nor feature;
 Haste! Why wait I? Let me go.

Thus with crown and jewels on me,
 Proudly as befits a queen,
I shall leave my realm terrestrial
 For the fairer realms unseen.
I shall join the grand Triumvir,
 Spring exultant to his side;
With him trace the plain Elysian,
 In immortal bliss abide.

Mine own hand the Aspic grasping,
 Bears it to my swelling breast;
Now, its subtle power thrills me,
 Now, my weary heart shall rest.
I sleep! But no! 'Tis Anthony!
 Hark! His clarion voice again!
Kiss me, Charmian, I am going,
 I shall wear no captive's chain.

NOTE—It is proper to state that the foregoing was suggested by that charming piece of verse, written by General Wm. H. LYTLE, of Cincinnati, published in the Cincinnati Commercial in July, 1858, and subsequently many times, in many papers of the country, entitled:

“ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA”

And running thus:

“I AM dying, Egypt, dying!”
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arms, O queen, enfold me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumver still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions,
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow—
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray—
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness,—
Altars, augurs, circling wings,—
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the thrones of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian—
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile;
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine,
I can scorn the senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

“I am dying, Egypt, dying;”
Hark! the insulting foeman’s cry;
They are coming; quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah, no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee—
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!”

Shortly after the first appearance of these verses, in 1858, I wrote my own verses, “Cleopatra (Dying)” —which I trust may not be considered an unfit companion for those of General Lytle.

W. T. McC.

LIFE

SPRINGING from the darksome mountain
Sparkling as the diamond bright,
Leaps the tiny streamlet onward
Laughing in its wild delight:
So, our childhood bright and joyous,
Reckless of the coming strife,
Jewelled as the dewey morning,
Boundeth toward the sea of life.

Now the brooklet through the meadows
Murmurs to the zephyr's sigh,
Till some frowning rock obstructs it,
When it proudly dashes by;
So our earlier youth proceedeth
'Mid the pleasant ways of men,
Still serenely, 'til some barrier
Wakes its brief, yet proud disdain.

Rippling o'er the beaten roadway
Where the wheel and hoof abound,
Or polluted by the drainage
Of some dark and marshy ground;
Sometimes ponderous mill-wheels turning,
Then again in calm repose
Ever onward toward the ocean
Deeper still the river flows.

So maturer years shall find us
Broken, soiled, yet pressing on,
Hoping, fearing, struggling, toiling,
Duty's mill-work never done;
Yet the soul with anxious longing,
Rests not mid the daily strife
'Til the golden gates of heaven,
Shut us in to endless life.

Chillicothe, Ohio, March 25, 1861.

ON THE TOPS OF THE ALLEGHENIES—AT EVENING.

THESE mountain tops that in the distant view
Are summits tall that pierce the skies deep blue,
Here lie in slopes, or undulations low,
Where fall the shadows which the clouds bestow,
Masses of darkness sinking down to rest
And spreading pall-like o'er the forest's breast;
The slanting sunshine lights awhile the scene,
Then slowly disappears, and so, serene,
The noisy day is hushed to silent night,
And slumber wraps alike the glade and height.
Thus, in our life, drear steeps before us rise
That seem to close our pathway to the skies;
Yet bold, by struggling, we their heights ascend
To find our toils 'mid restful valleys end:
The peace of God, the joy that heaven bestows
Falls on the soul and stills it to repose;
Here rest my weary feet, earth-stained and sore,
And gloomy fancy raise thy wand no more.

Deer Park, Md., August 31, 1875.

SUMMER FRIENDS, AT THE OCEAN SIDE

OUR new-met friends—they come, they go,
Like fitful dreams of summer's night;
With radiant joy their faces glow,
Our hearts respond with glad delight:

With morn, the fitful vision ends,
With morn there comes th' accustomed lot;
So pass away our summer friends,
Alike forgetting and forgot.

But as in dreams some forms are seen
That linger with the opening day
To link our souls with what has been
And drive life's weariness away,

So when we leave this ocean shore
And break *this* dream of summer rest,
Shall we not bear for evermore
Some imprint deep within the breast;

Some memory ne'er to be effaced
'Mid all the changes time shall bring;
Some record on the spirit traced,
Emblem of life's eternal spring.

NEW FOUND FRIENDS

We dwell, brief time, mid mountain heights,
And then, where phosphorescent lights
 Dance o'er the moonlit sea;
And everywhere new faces bright
Do greet us with a friendly light,
 And cordial sympathy.

They come, they go—how swift, alas !
The faces, like sweet visions, pass
 As if no more to bless;
Our lives move on, our earth-born lot
Seems still the same, and only fraught
 With labor and distress.

But as in dreams—some forms remain
When night is gone to ease the pain
 That comes with opening day,
So when our summer's rest is o'er,
And from the mountain, or the shore,
 We take our homeward way,

Shall not some dear remembered face,
Some charmed word—some special grace,
 That marked love's wakening—
Go with us still, and new found friends
Be ours, till e'en life's journey ends,
 Of joy, the constant spring?

August, 1876

THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

ONE night three guests a rest had found
 In famous New York town;
At Hotel Brunswick they were lodged,
 A house of wide renown.

'Twas after midnight's dreary hour
 These guests to bed repaired,
And soon a sleep, profoundly deep,
 Their weary bodies shared.

To man and wife one room was given,
 Of ample size I ween;
The friend, a neighboring chamber held,
 With opening door between.

The triple gods that rule the night,
 Nox, Somnus, Morpheus, all
Conspired to seal their heavy eyes
 In slumber's darkest pall.

Alas! that joy so soon should fly!
For at their window pane
It seemed a furious maniac stood
Who swore with might and main.

Up jumped the husband, quick as thought,
With night shirt only on,
And to the window bravely ran;
But there before him drawn,

He saw, or seemed to see, himself
In attitude for fight;
Weight matched with weight, and shirt with shirt,
The garment of the night.

But when he heard the frightful oaths
That issued from without,
He caught the sash and held it down,
And turned his face about.

“Run for your life, dear wife,” he cried
 (“It is a maniac tall”)
“Into our neighbors room, be quick!
While I the watchman call.”

Forthwith she ran, as she was told,
The neighbor now was dazed
By such a sight, as half awake
He still in wonder gazed.

But she with native modesty
Held forth her fair white hands,
And said, "pray me excuse, I come
Because my Lord commands."

But soon she turned, "Oh, pray," she said,
"There comes that horrid man
Right through your open window wide,"
And then, in fright, she ran

Behind the bed, where shivering
In agony of dread,
She hid behind a pillow soft,
Held high above her head.

The friend thus sought at once rushed forth
To meet the fearful foe;
But at the window stopped to think
What he, poor man ! could do.

For he like all the rest was clad
In Georgia costume spare,
Without the spurs: an unfit dress,
For ladies' eyes to share.

But little time for thought had he
As fierce the maniac glared
With blood-shot eyes and hands up-raised;
You'd thought our friend was scared.

A lawyer was he, so he used
His wits on this occasion,
And as no weapon could be found,
He thought he'd try persuasion.

"My friend," said he, "don't try to come
With your unfriendly face
And half-dressed form, for ladies are
Within this sacred place."

"What ladies?" shrieked the man, in haste,
Our friend was in a mix;
What answer could he make, indeed
In such a devilish fix?

He could not say, *his wife*, for sooth,
For that would not be true,
And yet to tell the unvarnished truth
He thought would never do.

But luck was on his side; the man
Another question raised,
“My good friend, Bishop, are you here
Oh let the Lord be praised !”

The watchman came, and by his aid
The man’s own room was found;
Where sitting down he seemed to wake
From drunken sleep profound.

And then, at first, in careless mood,
“Why all this fuss ?” he said;
But soon, o’erwhelmed, he turned again,
With shame unto his bed.

The dame unto her lord returned,
The friend laid down to rest;
And soon, in sleep, all thought of harm
Was gone from ev’ry breast.

LAKE GEORGE

I float among thy hundred Isles,
I see thy wavelets break in smiles
 Along thy curving shore;
About thy sides tall mountains rise,
Beneath thy waters arching skies
 Are mirrored ever-more.

I sit on calm Mohican pier;
Around me, or remote, or near,
 Familiar objects lie;
Green Island, Dome, Recluse, and Clay,
Th' encircling shores of Nor' West Bay,
 Successive, meet the eye:

Beyond, old Black Top rears his head,
While Shelving Rock, as if in dread,
 Lies prone beneath his feet;
More near, Tongue Mountain stretches long
And slakes his thirst amid the throng
 Of limpid waters sweet.

And south, with woods and rocks embossed,
The hills are in the distance lost,

 Dim with enshrouding haze:
Between, the waters, dark, or bright,
Uneasy with a fitful light
 As cloud, or sunshine, stays.

Amid such scenes I can but dream,
The past and present strangely seem

 To be nor here, nor there;
Entranced I lie beneath the trees
And listen to the whispering breeze
 Indite its silent prayer.

A prayer for all whose lives repeat
In winter's cold and summer's heat

 The same dull round of care
In cities, from the world shut in,
To hear alone the noise and din
 Of labor everywhere.

For these I crave the priv'lege rare
Which nature here, on lake, in air,
 And land, doth give so plenteously

What more, indeed, can heart desire
Than morning brings, or sunset's fire,
 To all with eyes to see.

RYTHM

Nature loves a rhythmic motion;
 From the fields of waving grain
To the wild tumultuous ocean,
 Moaning with its ceaseless pain:
From the bird, with spreading pinion
 Floating 'neath the summer sky,
To the waving forest's branches
 As the winds among them sigh.

All of nature's voices vary
 With a sort of rhythmic flow,
From the thunder's fierce vagary
 To the zephyr's breathing low.
Not a sound but keepeth measure
 With the throbbing human breast,
Whether pain, or whether pleasure,
 Be the sad or welcome guest.

'Mid the shade of verdant forests
 Where the brooklet sings its song
 Over rocks, or pebbly bottoms,
 Still the measure floats along;
 Air and water, break together
 In alternate waves of sound
 'Tis the lullaby of nature
 By her weary children found.

List the music, softer, lower,
 Near by, yet so distant seeming;
 Coming, going, faster, slower,
 As if my soul were dreaming;
 Hear the sound of dancing feet
 Unto the measure gliding;
 List the strain, so low and sweet—
 'Tis in my ear abiding.

All things through the circling ages
 With a varying motion flit,
 Backward, forward, so the pages
 Of our changeful lives are writ.
 Nature, patient, like a mother,
 Strives with song to soothe the pain
 Of our struggling souls endeavor
 Something better to obtain.

Grandly solemn is the measure
 When the silence of the night
Swings its tremulous pendulum
 O'er the world of vanished light;
Swings from ocean back to ocean,
 With its center in the stars.
Who can span the vast vibration?
 Who can mark its wondrous bars?

Over cities, mountains, valleys,
 O'er the wideness of the sea,
O'er the busy noisy nations,
 Voiceless in its majesty!
Voiceless, to our outward hearing
 Yet the spirit's subtlety
With its inward ear may hear it
 Syllable "eternity."

A SEASHORE LANDSCAPE,
AND SONG

I SIT on Cape Arundel's rocks to view
The landscape old, and yet 'tis ever new;
The seething waters ceaseless madly pour
Their white capped breakers on the unyielding
shore,

Afar, the mountains clad in vesture gray
Sleep in the shadows of the closing day,
Save where the sun its westering pathway treads
And over all a golden glory spreads.
Near by, Old Agamenticus serene,
Rears his long form amid his fetters green;
There, the Three Sisters, lift their towering crests,
Here, the wide plain in summer brightness rests,
While arching all, the lambent clouds expand
To join the changeful sky, to steadfast land.
In one long sweep the curving bay extends
Lit with the splendor which the sunset lends;
The clouds, the sea, the land, are all aglow
With wondrous beauty, and the radiant show

Draws the dull soul from out this earth-born clod
 To claim its kinship with th' all loving God.
 Amid this scene I sit and dream alone,
 And bend my ear to hear th' eternal moan
 The sea gives forth, as if some grief profound,
 Like human woe, had sought relief in sound.
 The murm'ring waves bring to my weary breast,
 A sense of fellowship and blissful rest.
 I left mine eyes,—a home returning sail
 Spreads its fair bosom to the favoring gale.
 The tossing waves with multitud'nous voice,
 Cry to the saddened soul, Rejoice ! Rejoice !
 Earth is so beautiful and love so strong
 The weariest heart can but respond in song.
 Again, I lift mine eyes—the sheltered bay
 Hath lost the brightness of the earlier day:
 The cold gray waters slumber peacefully,
 As if the tide itself had ceased to be.
 Before me floats a boat—its oars up-held,
 But motionless—their upward stay compelled
 By some strange charm. Within, two forms are
 bent,
 One toward the other leaning, each intent
 On other,—lost to all besides. I sing
 This song to them, and thus my tribute bring:

Rock gently boat, on bay serene,
The youth and maiden dimly seen
 Within thy narrow bound.
Oh lazy oars, expectant, wait,
As these two weave the web of fate
 In love's mysterious round.

From heart to heart the thread speeds on,
These two, indissolubly, one,
 Whatever else may sever;
For life, for death ! Oh joy untold !
What treasures shall their lives unfold
 'Tis "mine and thine" forever.

The sight long vanished visions bring,
As memory backward strikes its wing
 Athwart the years long gone.
In slow procession strange and bright,
They come, in warmer, lovelier light
 Than marked the setting sun.

All the dear forms that blest my youth
With hope and counsel, love and truth,
 Are with me once again.
Forgot the load I daily bear,
The heavy cross, the carking care,
 The long dark years of pain.

One fair, sweet face, so loving sweet,
One angel form whose dainty feet
 Scarce seem to touch the land,
With out-stretched arms, up-lifted eyes
Calls me away,—with glad surprise
 I touch her beckoning hand.

Alas ! that touch dissolves the charm,
Gone is the face, and out-stretched arm:
 Back to the earth I fall.
Soul, bide thy time,—’tis not for thee
Amid the fight to turn and flee
 Wait th’ Omniscient’s call.

Till then, my soul, uphold the right,
Against all evil strike with might,
 Until the victory’s won:
But night is here, yon dripping oar
Strikes boldy for the dark’ning shore,
 My sweet, sad dream is done.

Kinnebunkport, Maine, August 6th, 1883.

A WIFE'S QUESTION AND ANSWER

A husband and wife whose children had grown up and separated from them, were left to complete the journey of life together. The thought of death came to them as it comes to all. They knew that in the ordinary course of nature one would die first. In reading their daily lesson from the Scriptures the wife was impressed by the words, "one shall be taken and the other left," when she asked and answered:

WHICH shall it be?

Let it be me:

I fain would be the first to stand
Within the dim and shadowy land
That lies before;
To find some island of the blest,
Some spot where loving souls may rest—
And part no more.

Within that home by Him prepared;
For all who here His image shared;
Dear precious boon!
I'll watch the opening of the gate,
With glad anticipation wait
Thy coming soon.

A woman's faith is stronger far
Than man's. Let me be guiding star,
A beacon bright,
To lure thee to our better home,
Illumine the path my steps have come
With heaven's own light.

Which shall it be?
It may be thee!
How could I live, and thou not here?
Thou, who, when sorrow caused the tear
To dim mine eye,
Didst stop its flow with soft caress
And voice of gentlest tenderness;
My lullaby.

Life without thee! accursed of fate!
The earth so cold, so desolate,
My prayer would be
A constant sigh to break the spell
That binds me here, and go to dwell
Once more with thee.

So strong art thou. Hope unto thee
Assures the palm of victory
By conquering faith.
I, without thee, could only moan
My saddened life, alone,—alone !
Wishing for death.

Perchance, there yet is work for thee;
Some soul to raise, some destiny
As yet unknown;
Some wrong to right, some slave to free,
Some fight for country's liberty,
The patriot's crown.

Be mine the fate
For thee to wait.
No mortal vision yet hath seen
The coming day, but faith takes in
The landscape fair.
Amid such skies I could not grieve;
No earthly heart can e'er conceive
How bright they are.

When I was young and heart was strong
My heaven was home, to it I clung
 With fond delight;
If thou wert absent, I for thee
Would watch and wait impatiently
 To greet thy sight.

Once more I'll stand at heaven's gate
In sweet expectancy—I'll wait
 To hear thy voice.
Assured thy coming can't be far,
The gate will ever stand ajar—
 At this rejoice.

 In that fair land
 We both shall stand,
Clothed in immortal youth, and bright
With joy, where paths of holy light
 In bliss extend.
Glad that our struggling and our sorrow
Hath brought us both this sweet to-morrow
 That ne'er shall end.

HUMAN GLORY

PRAY what is human glory? 'Tis to wield
The magic wand, that stifles every cry:
To stand on battle-ship or battle-field,
And bid men die, nor ask the reason why.
To know that men for us will do, or dare,
Men, whom we know not, do not care to know
But who for us will shout and rend the air,
And fearless rush upon th' opposing foe.

Warm Springs, Va., August, 1888.

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM

OH ! sleep with poppies strow mine eyes
 Their weary lids shut down;
Fill all my frame with lethargies,
 Put on my head thy crown.

If dreams shall come, as come they may,
 Make them of landscapes green,
Where woods and meadows, lambs at play,
 And running streams are seen.

Thus wishing,—softly came a lull
 Upon my wakeful mind;
I seemed to sleep, so calm and full,
 My thoughts,—they wandered uncon-
 fined.

I saw tall mountains far appear
And in the distance glow
With sunset hues so bright and clear
Amid their tops of snow.

In middle distance placed,—a mill,
So old, one feared to tread
Its floors,—its grinding wheels were still:
The miller, long since dead.

And in the foreground, seemed to be
A vine-clad cottage sweet;
With children full of mirth and glee
About their mother's feet.

She sat outside the cottage door
And waited (while she sings)
Her husband's coming, and the store
Of joy his presence brings.

Near by, a streamlet's waters fed
By unseen springs and clear,
Was rippling o'er its pebbly bed,—
It ravished my dull ear.

And while I gazed upon this scene
And drank its spirit deep,
The sunset faded—all serene
And darkness gave me sleep.

It was a dream—within a dream,
It brought relief from pain:
From it I woke with morning's beam,
Refreshed and strong again.

Albion Place, Feb. 7th, 1889.

TO A FRIEND

To one true heart, my love I gave,
Forever there to stay:
My troth I've kept, not as a slave
But as a true man may.

But friendship hath a wider bound
To add to life new zest,
There, some choice spirits I have found
And *you*—among the best.

TO A WIFE—AFTER ABSENCE

O joy! to meet thee once again,
 To clasp thy hand in mine,
Once more to feel surcease of pain
 Beneath that smile of thine.

Once more to hear thy voice; to see
 The light of thy dear eyes;
To be alone, once more, with thee,—
 This, this is paradise.

THE CRESCENT MOON AND EVENING STAR

UPON the lake we lie spell-bound;
The night with beauty rare
Bedecks the earth; nor voice nor sound
Disturbs the breathless air.

Our oars are still, and silence reigns
All o'er the water's breast,
The stars from out the sky look down,
The new moon skirts the west;

And by its side the evening star
Sits placid and serene;
Nor can we say which of the two
We'll choose for night's fair queen.

Both sit supreme, enthroned on high,
Both seem from earth so far,
That either might the sovereign be,
The crescent, or the star.

LURAY, VA. AT EVENING AND ITS CAVES

ON Luray's hills there stands serene
 A charming modern inn,
In Queen Anne style, and there I ween
 Sweet rest is found within.

Beneath its tower, remote and near,
 A noble landscape lies;
And over head, cloud-flecked, or clear,
 The opal colored skies.

The Blue Ridge, eastward, lays its length
 Against a bank of cloud:
And as the sun abates its strength,
 Puts on a purple shroud.

The weakening sun, with lessened light,
 With steady pace declines,
While Massanutten's wooded height
 In sun-set radiance shines.

So fades the day, and comes the night
 With moon and stars o'er head;
And mount and vale are clothed with light,
 In silver softness shed.

We turn to meet another sight
 Within the cavern's maze;
A thousand wonders strange and bright
 Entrance th' astonished gaze.

Here stalactite and stalagmite
 Unite in wierd design,
And grotesque forms, in snowy white,
 In light electric shine.

Here reason cold asserts no claim,
 And fancy wild and keen,
While giving every shape a name,
 Runs riot o'er the scene.

Old Pluto, here his chasm holds:
 Titania's veil conceals
 Some shadowy form beneath its folds,
 Or only half reveals.

Whate'er in classic lore we know,
 Whate'er in dreams we see,
 Here finds a form and seems to glow,
 With strange reality.

And now we leave this wonderland
 And turn to earth again;
 O memory! let thy faithful hand,
 Still keep the record plain

Of what we saw at famed Luray:
 And blest, beyond compare,
 The eyes that there, by night or day,
 Take in the vision rare.

September 1889.

THE BELL BUOY'S LAMENT

I TOLL for thousands drowned
Out in the depths profound;
I toll for thousands more
Who sank near by the shore;
In sight of out-stretched hand,
With feet just touching th' sand,
Almost saved,—but the tide
Swept out,—alas ! they died.

I toll for th' wrecks that be
On th' coast of many a sea,
Whose strong ribs bleached and white
Gleam in the moon's wan light,
While waves in frenzy roar
Against the shelving shore,
And o'er the timbers bare
Break foaming in the air.

Above my watery bed
Flit specters of the dead;
As back and forth they go,
My tongue with motion slow
Doth strike my brazen rim
To wake the funeral hymn
I evermore must sing,
Alike for slave and king.

For sailors rough and bold,
For merchants rich in gold;
For youth and childhood fair,
And age, all bent with care:
For bridegroom and his bride,
The matron in her pride:
For all the lost at sea
My sad lament must be.

For all whose bones do sleep
In th' bosom of the deep;
Where coral reefs abound,
Or sea-weed wraps them round.
Where'er the drowned may be,
In deep or shallow sea,
For all my wail is heard,
Clang ! clang ! so strange and wierd.

In th' dawn's uncertain light,
In th' darkness of the night,
In howling storm or calm,
Is heard my solemn psalm.
Over the waves, my moan
Floats like a dying groan.
Woe! woe! is the dirge I sing
As here I toss and swing.

Watch Hill, R. I., July 31st. 1890.

THE BROOKLET

THIS brook that from a single spring
Doth rise, and then flows murmuring
O'er pebbled bed, amid the trees,
Close sheltered from the louder breeze,
Whose margin is with cresses spread
With elm and hawthorn over head,
Its own song sings, so loving sweet,
I bend mine ear the sound to greet.

And while I listen as I lean,
From shaded wood to pastures green
It goes, where here and there, a tree
Shall shelter from the rain, or be
On brighter days, a safe retreat
At noon-tide hour, from sweltering heat;
It finds its way, meandering slow,
As if it knew not where to go.

At length it strikes a gallant oak
One-half its roots have felt the stroke,
And now exposed, denuded, bare,
They struggle outward in the air,
Above a basin small and round
Where voice of singing brook is drowned;
It eddys noiseless, 'round about,
Then with a sigh it passes out.

Again, it takes its tuneful note
And wanders on to vales remote.
It minds me of a song once set
By Bryant's pen, "The Riverlet."
Dear to my heart from youth to age
Is that sweet song, I turn its page,
And sigh to think the hour is near
When I shall leave the haunts so dear,
"And come for the last time to look
Upon my childhood's favorite brook."

September, 1890.

THE LITTLE LADY (MRS. MCG.)

I KNOW a little lady bright
With something of celestial light;
Her face arrayed in smiles, I see,
Her motions graced with courtesy;
Her eyes, the tint of skies serene,
Her lips, the *busiest* ever seen.
Start not, I pray, in vague alarm,
For *talking* is her greatest charm.
Some words that ripple from her tongue
Are soft as those by Syrens sung—
So winning that I turn my ear
And wish that I might always hear;
And some, with wit and humor shine,
As polished gems from India's mine;

And some with sweet pathetic grace,
With touch of pity in her face,
Give comfort to the broken heart,
And take from grief its bitter smart.
But if you chance, by some ill fate
T' incur this little woman's hate,
Ah! who can tell the venom'd spite
That flashes from her eyes so bright,
Or hisses in the words that fall
Upon the head that roused her gall.

Warm Sulphur Springs, Va., October, 1890.

HUMAN LIFE

O TANGLED thread of poverty and grief!
O labyrinth of woe, without relief!
Is there no hope? but only wan despair,
Perpetual struggle and eternal war?

Sad one be still. Give up the useless fight.
Let Christ be heard, He says, "I am the light."
Come sit and learn, be as a little child
And hear the voice of Jesus reconciled.

Thus hope shall rise within thy saddened breast,
And joy shall come to be thy constant guest;
Thy troubled heart with all the world at peace,
Shall dwell with him in love, thy struggles cease.

MOONLIGHT ON THE SEA

THE moonbeams stretch a glimmering track
Of glory on the sea;
The sea with smiles doth answer back
In trembling ecstasy.

The stars are few, a wide expanse
Surrounds the queen of night;
Beneath, the wavelets leap and dance
A tournament of light.

One influence sweet doth compass round
Alike the heavens and sea
Each clasping each, like lovers bound
In speechless sympathy.

THE OLD WINDMILL AT NANTUCKET

A RICKETY, old and picturesque mill
Yet stands on the top of Nantucket hill.
Its four long arms which once whirled in the air
Hang motionless now, as if bowed in despair.
The long mast which stretched from th' top to
the ground
And there was made fast to a wheel that went
round
And was used to make the crown of the mill
Revolve, thus catching the wind at its will,
Whether northward, or southward, eastward or
west,
Still keeps its place, but the wheel is at rest.
A pair of good grind stones, meant to replace
The old ones, worn out, lie flat on their face,
Idly and prone, with their iron-bound rim
Once bright in the sun now rusty and dim.
They will never be used. Alas! for the day
When the mill first showed the signs of decay.
The owner was old, like th' mill, and as slow,
The grist was small, the tolls meagerly low;

For year by year, less and less land was tilled,
And new ways found by which pockets were filled.
The old man bothered his slow working brain
To find some way his lost tolls to regain.
Meanwhile his isle unexpectedly rose
To be famous for pleasure, or quiet repose;
Some came to catch fish, and some came to sail,
And some for their health; but all, without fail
In passing the windmill lifted their eyes
And gazed as if struck with sudden surprise.
"I have it," the old man cried with delight,
As one morn he waked from the dreams of th'
 night.

"The mast shall still lift itself high in th' air,
The long arms swing from its top grim and bare,
The stones still lie on the ground, and I'll be
A watch on tourists that visit the sea.
The ruins a tribute shall bring to my store
That shall equal the tolls I gathered of yore."
From that day to this the gazers have found
It is not grain, but themselves, that are ground.
And the miller! happy man, be his dole,
Takes in their dimes as legitimate toll.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN

WE all have ships that are sailing
Before some favoring breeze,
Which gather from summer islands
The riches of far-off seas.

Brave hope is the jolly commander
And fancy peoples the yards
With a crew as skillful and stalwart
As was ever sung by the bards.

In the dark, as I lay dreaming,
My ship I saw on the sea,
With sails full set, and coming
Right onward—coming to me.

She's coming! she's coming! I know it
For the winds are blowing my way,
As I sit at the head of the harbor,
To look out over the bay.

She's laden with fruit from the tropics,
And gold from Australia's sand,
Rich silks from the looms of Europe,
And fabrics from every land.

What shall I do with the treasure
My ship is bringing to me?
If I find a garner to hold it,
Ah! where shall I keep the key?

No nook but some thief may find it,
No lock so cunningly formed
That cannot be picked or broken;
No castle that may not be stormed.

Away with my fears so foolish,
The treasure my ship doth bring
Is not for hoarding, nor hiding,
But to make the sad heart sing.

The poor, that always are with us,
The sick that languish in pain,
The blind and the deaf and the dumb ones,
Shall share all the pleasure I gain.

But the ship! mine eyes have grown weary
With watching out over the deep;
Perhaps she'll come in the morning,
Oh, weary eyes, rest now in sleep.

Chillicothe, Ohio, 1892.

THANKSGIVING

GIVE thanks! for friends of kindred taste
True to the core—not double faced;
Who do not see, or patient bear,
The faults that somehow all must share.

Give thanks! for children and for wife
That yet are spared to sweeten life;
Whose faithful care and loving eyes
Make home an earthly paradise.

Give thanks! for loved ones gone before
To wean us from this earthly shore;
To fix my heart, O joyful rest!
On Christ, Redeemer, Savior, blest.

Give thanks! for days that seem not old,
Though three score years and ten are told;
Which find in nature all the joy
That once possessed the stalwart boy.

Give thanks! for eyes a little blind,
Which see not slights, tho' ill designed;
Nor note the frowns that on us fall—
While love's sweet halo covers all.

Give thanks! for what St. Peter saw
When fettered much by custom's law;
That "great white sheet," as naught else can,
Proclaims the brotherhood of man.

Give thanks! for all the lessons taught,
By our dear Lord, with mercy fraught,
And in our lives, this truth be seen,
"What God hath cleansed call not unclean."

Thanksgiving Day, November, 1892.

TO MY WIFE

(WITH A DIAMOND AND SAPPHIRE RING)

FULL two score years and seven have gone
Since on my hand, by thine, was placed
A pledge of love's unbroken zone—
Of joys to come, the glad foretaste.

Within its magic circle writ,
Two names were joined as if in one—
My name and thine, an index fit
To show the path we both have run.

And now, dear one, another ring
Where two rare stones serenely shine,
With recollection fond I bring
To grace the hand that gave me mine.

The brighter stone doth emblem thee;
The darker, my dear love, doth show;
So may thy life the brighter be
And my poor love the warmer glow.

Christmas, 1892.

AT NIGHT, BY THE SEA

THIS grey and shimmering plain
Beneath the pale moon's reign,
 Doth spread afar,
Toward the horizon's rim
Where stands remote and dim
 A seeming bar:

A bar to straining sight
That fain would pierce the night
 That lies beyond.
But that far line of haze
Responds not to my gaze,
 However fond.

But still I know fair lands
Are there. Brittania stands
 In might supreme.
And Italy's fair skies
Unbidden 'round me rise
In beauteous dream.

The Alpine heights I scale,
Cities and States unveil;
 I see the Rhine,
All that Childe-Harrold saw;
And inspiration draw
 Almost divine.

By the Danube and the Po,
Maggiore and Como,
 I restless move;
Geneva's lake is still,
On it I float at will,
 And dream of love.

The Isles of Greece, I greet,
Where wavelets wash the feet
 Of Marathon.
The groves where Plato walked,
Mars Hill, where St. Paul talked;
 The Parthenon.

All States in Europe lie
Beneath my inward eye.
 And Asia stands
Outstretched to reach the seas,
Where sweeps the torrid breeze
 From Afric's sands.

And over all the sky,
'An ocean hung on high.'
The Pleiades
Are there, as here, and glow
With lustrous light, as tho'
This side the seas.

And Constellations rise
Unknown to northern skies.
Serenely bright
The Southern Cross doth shine.
Its sister stars combine
T' enhance the sight.

I sit and dream, and sings
My soul, while fancy brings
Before mine eye,
The wealth of land and main,
And joy, doth pour like rain
From out the sky.

AN EVENING REVERIE

BETWIXT the sea and narrow bay,
Lies a low neck of barren sand,
On which at eve I while away
One brief, pale hour, by twilight spanned.

I watch the distant mists down-shed
Upon the horizon's circling rim;
The nearer shadows, 'round me spread,
Make all things seem remote and dim.

White sands, mid herbage scant and low,
Seem snow-drifts 'neath a wint'ry sky,
While summer airs around me blow
A softly murmuring lullaby.

Here the sea's tides advance, retreat,
With rise and fall forevermore,
In endless prolongation beat
Their wild tattoo upon the shore.

And there the bay, in silence bides
The coming of the western breeze,
Unruffled by the gentle tides
That mark its kinship with the seas.

One lonely light, how like a star!
Streams out from off an anchored bark,
And throws its radiance from afar
To meet my gaze. All else is dark.

And over head, the stars we love,
So firmly fixed, so mildly clear,
In silent, slow procession move,
As they have done from year to year.

While thus I muse, I seem to stand
Upon a narrow hand-breadth space;
With youth and age on either hand,
Whose bounds with tender eyes I trace.

Once more, I feel with fancy's might
The hopes that set my soul aflame,
Ambitions, aspirations bright,
The victor's crown, a deathless name.

The vision fades; another light
Dawns on my soul, and glim'ring far,
Above the darkness of the night
There shines a still serener star.

And now I know this flight of years,
Hath some remuneration brought,
Through toil and pain, through hopes and fears,
A store of ampler, loftier thought.

And longings strong, unlike the old,
To part full soon this earthly chain,
To tread the blissful streets that hold
The loved and lost, but found again.

Bay Head, N. J., August, 1894.

TO MISS _____

(ON HER SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY)

ALL hail the day that gave thee birth
And names thee "Seventeen;"
No words of mine express the worth
Of thee, the day's fair queen.

The woods put on a greener hue,
The flowers a fragrance rare,
The grass doth sparkle with the dew;
O day! divinely fair.

The waters show a deeper blue,
The winds blow soft and free;
Could Nature to itself be true,
Without some gift to thee?

The fairies come with unseen wings,
From far across the sea
To touch thy heart's pure quivering strings
And wake its minstrelsy.

Thy many friends a wreath entwine,
To crown thy life with joy;
A wish—that all thy days may shine
Like this, without alloy.

Bay Head, N. J., 1895.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS

(The Pioneers' Arrival at Station Prairie, below Chillicothe, April 1st, 1796)

THE sun awoke on that glad day with rays
Effulgent. Early spring brought songs of praise
From red-bud, dogwood, and the thousand flowers
That grace the woods and prairie. Early showers
Gave throb and impulse to the flowing stream;
The distant hills, anew gave back the gleam
Of sunshine, and sparkling dew, new born,
Flashed forth a welcome to the coming morn.
Near by, the prairie small, in beauty spread,
So bright, it seemed by streams of splendor fed;
A second Eden, with unstinted joy
For these adventurous souls. Without alloy
Their praise arose, as led by Finley's voice
All hearts burst forth in song, "Rejoice! rejoice!"

This first, and then the busy hands of men
Thrust the rude plow beneath the grasses green,
Upturned the sod upon the prairie's face
And planted there the seed which grew apace
And fruited large, one hundred fold and more;
Thus plenty reigned on fair Scioto's shore.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

One hundred years have passed and we have come
With flying banners and the roll of drum
To glorify our city's birth and give
Honor to those who wrought, that we might live.
We come to celebrate a time, not near,
Nor yet remote, when men who knew no fear
Left home and friends to tread the wilderness,
Braving the crafty indian, and not less
The hunger and the pain of loneliness.
Pathfinders all, it seemed, and yet the first
To fix the sites of cities; men who durst
Indulge the dream of states made great by law
And love of order; men without a flaw
Where meanness could creep in and spoil
The fabric reared by their hard-handed toil,
Nor less, by large intelligence, the light
Which shines afar and ever grows more bright

As time whirls on. And we in wonder stand
At what our fathers wrought for this fair land.
Remote, yet near; for they *our* fathers were;
And we, their sons, who now so richly share
The gifts they gave us, still remember well
Their forms and bearing; we their voices heard;
From out their lips sped forth the loyal word
For God and country. Shame be on us then,
If we dare stint the honor due such men.
They trod no beaten path. Their rifles woke
The forest's silence. Their's the axe whose stroke
Made forests fall, whose trunks together rolled
Were changed by burning fires to earth's rich mold.
Amid their stumps, the straight and narrow street
Outlined the place for town or hamlet meet.
On either hand rude cabins quickly rose
For shelter from the storm and night's repose.
Full soon the throng of emigration came
To this new land, drawn hither by the fame
Of fertile fields and wondrous growth of corn,
And thus "a nation in a day was born,"
With laws and statutes, courts and men of mark,
With plans and policies, not scheming, dark,
But open as the day, and thus the state
Grew strong in virtue and sublimely great.

APRIL 1ST, 1896.

One hundred years! now gone! let us repair
Where westward hills, uprising in the air,
Invite our coming, ere the early morn
Hath brought full light upon the day new born.
Beneath our feet the sleeping city lies,
Hushed in repose; not yet the time to rise.
The city sleeps, and all the valley sleeps,
'Tis well that peace, both town and country,
 keeps.

At length pale verdure, with the opening day,
Begins to show the early spring's array.
The trees, on either side the street, from hill to
hill

Are marked with leaflets small, enough to fill
The eye with sense of pleasure. The plain is full
Of scattered groups of verdure, bright and cool.
The trembling light a fascination feels
As some strange ministry among it steals;
The rising sun, an orb of splendor, comes
In silence marching, without roll of drums
Or voice, to tell its coming; upward still

It moves, in strength; its own fierce will,
Majestic and sublime, doth lift itself on high
And gloomy night's dark shadows quickly fly.
The busy hordes of men flock full the streets
Beneath the hill. The valley wide, now meets
The brilliant sun's warm rays, and shows content
From its broad face upturned, in smiles now blent;
The fields of wheat, from winter's cold set free,
Meadows and pastures wide, o'er all the lea,
Are dressed in early green. The river sweeps
In long embracing curves; its course it keeps
From north to south, and then from east to west
And backward; thus, the vale may take its rest,
And slake its thirst; may its great fruitage bear
And bring to man its harvest, free from care.
One backward look to names we hold most dear.
To Massie, Tiffin, Worthington, to clear
The way in which to build a mighty state;
McArthur and McDonald, not less great,
In war's encounter, or the tales to tell
Of what strange ventures in that day befell
The heroes of the hour. More names we hold

In dear remembrance, pure and true as gold
In fire refined; Creighton and Byrd and Belt
As lawyers, judges, men of rare renown
On whom there dwelt no shade of public frown.
To them, to all, who early bore their part
To make Ohio what she is, the soul, the heart,
The first of states, from out the Old NorthWest,
Our dearest love, always the first and best.

April 1st, 1896.

TO ———, ON HER JUNE BIRTHDAY

A SWEET rose bloomed in June,
We chanced to pass that way;
It bloomed from dawn 'til noon,
From noon, 'til evening gray.

All the long day it bloomed,
Unconscious of its charm;
The cold earth it illumed
With radiance soft and warm.

Its fragrance dulled the sense
Of pain. Ah ! who that lives
Can spare the recompense
Of joy, dear nature gives.

And when this flower shall fade
As fade it must and die;
Alas ! how deep the shade
That on our path will lie.

Kind Heaven ! in tenderness,
Oh spare the beauteous rose,
For many days to bless
The garden where it grows.

June, 1896.

THE HORIZON'S BOUND

“A wayfarer by the sea-side on a spit of sand, with nothing to obstruct his view of the horizon on all sides, is enchanted; but the desire to penetrate beyond takes possession of him, which being in vain, he falls into reverie and happy dreams.”

Far out beyond the horizon dim
Where the wide ocean's circling rim
Doth meet the sky,
Treasures not owned by mortal men
Beyond imagination's ken
Uncounted lie.

Far to the east the blazing sun
Begins his golden course to run
'Mid skies aflame;
The earth, exultant, wakes to greet
The Lord of Day, to kiss his feet,
And shout his name.

We strive to fly before the face
Of that glad orb, but for *such* race
 Our strength too slight;
Our eyes pursue, he hides afar
Where crescent moon and evening star
 Bedeck the night.

O, gorgeous sun ! that sinks to rest
'Mid clouds that thou thyself hast dressed
 In cloth of gold.
O, send some messenger to tell
Whence comes thy radiance, whence the spell
 That doth us hold.

We northward turn. There well we know
Bold Ursa Major points to show
 The polar star;
But whence the Northern lights? They shine
But tell of naught below the line—
 That fatal bar.

O, keep not back, thou North: and South
Proclaim thy wealth with thy wide mouth.

 We count it loss
Not to have climbed thy Andes' height,
Not to have seen with glad delight
 Thy Southern cross.

Or East, or West, North, South, the sky
Dips to its line of rest; we sigh

 “What lies beyond?”
The wave's loud voice, the wind's shrill hiss,
The clouds with thunder filled, to this,
 Do not respond.

We dream; strange forms around us rise,
We stand entranced in glad surprise

 And ecstasy;
And lost to all we know of pain,
Amid a realm of bliss we reign,
 Our Souls, how free!

We see the scenes our childhood dreamed,
The things which to our fancy seemed
 As real as life;
And yet without life's carking care,
The struggle and perpetual war,
 The cruel strife.

These peopled scenes, as long ago,
Are floating 'round us, soft and slow:
 Nor voice nor sound
Proclaim the story of their birth;
We only know that not on earth
 Such scenes are found.

But soon the vision fades; once more
We strive to gaze at that far shore
 In that sweet light:
Lost hopes, lost memories, treasures all—
Are buried now. In vain we call;
 Again, 'tis night.

O, land of reverie and dream,
How real our wild vagaries seem
 Within thy realm !
A joy more rare than when wide-eyed
Awake, alert, our course we guide
 By reason's helm.

Alas ! for us the horizon dim
Shows now the sky's encircling rim
 The earth doth meet.
But dreams, are intimations bright
That some day a celestial light
 Our eyes may greet.

Bay Head, N. J., August, 1896.

SABBATH MORN

THANKS! for this day of grateful rest,
Set time for praise and prayer;
Come, Holy Spirit, fill my breast
With thoughts divinely fair.

“Things of the Spirit”—show to me
As Thou alone cans’t show.
The joy of saintly purity,
Glad Heaven begun below.

Fulfill thy promise, Heavenly Guest:
“The pure in heart shall see
God”—over all, forever blest,
Supreme in majesty;

Nor less in love: All love Thou art
This, all Thy works proclaim:
O joy untold! within my heart
I feel the sacred flame.

O, let this flame my sins consume,
A heavenly zeal inspire;
The darkness of my path illumine,
A never-dying fire.

I know that when this day is done
The curtain of the night
Will hide the shining of the sun,
But not that inward light.

In sleep it still my heart shall warm
And all my dreams impress
With something of the gracious charm
Of its own loveliness.

Chillicothe, Ohio, October, 1896.

MY LIFE

MY LIFE is like the gleaming star
That shoots across the sky at night;
Whence came it from the depths afar?
And whither doth it take its flight?
Its sister stars through which it fled,
A paler radiance seem to shed;
But who when my brief sun has set,
Will smile the less or feel regret?

February, 1897.

WE ARE CONTENT—EVENING

THIS quiet scene invites repose
 Bids agitation cease,
Makes the sad heart forget its woes
 And gives the troubled peace.

Far off, the bosom of the Lake
 By gentle winds is stirred:
Upon the shore the wavelets break
 In murmurs scarcely heard.

The trees, with low and curving sweep,
 Lean forward to embrace
Their own fair forms, reflected deep
 Beneath the water's face.

The moon, the stars, the milky way,
The calm transparent air,
Make night more beauteous than the day,
Oh Night ! divinely fair.

The lake, the land, the sky, the air
In one, are strangely blent:
The voice they speak, the listening ear
May catch; "We are content."

Harbor Point, Mich., August 3rd, 1897.

A MOTHER'S JOY

WHAT rapture now my bosom thrills
As I behold my boy;
For me, the gold from Klondyke's hills,
Or silver from Nevada's mills
Is but a base alloy.

"Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone"
My blood is in his veins;
My being into his is thrown,
Mother and child are only one—
Within my heart he reigns.

Harbor Point, Mich., August, 1897.

MY FATHER

MY FATHER ! how that name recalls
 The memories of other days !
Like pictures hung in darkened halls
 Where sudden sunlight plays.

In childhood's morn when bright with dew,
 Life's scenes before me lay,
All glittering, with naught in view
 To shade the dawning day.

Then boyhood glad, how swift it came
 And passed, e'en as the breeze
That fitful, 'neath the sunset's flame
 Sweeps light, o'er summer seas.

His dear calm voice stilled my unrest,
 Bade perturbation cease:
I heard, and deep within my breast,
 There came the whisper, "peace."

And when to manhood grown, I found
The fates a web had spun;
Another heart with mine was bound;
Tho' twain, they were but one.

My earlier love, still bright and warm
For father; kept its place
Tho' age and illness bent his form
And paled his dear, sweet face.

At length the day of parting came:
Oh day of days to me !
How sweet his memory, dear his name,
Bright hope ! Eternity !

This hope my soul sustains. One look
To Christ, the Saviour, given:
'Tis but a step across the brook
Of death, and then—'tis Heaven.

Harbor Point, Mich., August, 1897.

FAREWELL

SLEEP on, sweet one, thy mission's done,
Thy crown of victory bravely won,
 Life's struggle o'er;
Thy soul, with courage unsurpassed,
With faith unwavering to the last,
 Its secret bore.

Thy spirit, freed from house of dust,
With other "Spirits of the just,"
 Will hence abide
Among them, like a shining star;
At thy coming, "Gates ajar"
 Have opened wide.

And for our following, thou wilt wait,
Eager to meet us at the gate
 With joys full flood:
By suffering, we are perfect made,
Life's discipline our surest aid
 To all that's good.

April 22nd, 1898.

MOONLIGHT—IN THE COUNTRY

THE silence deepens and the drowsy night
 Enfolds the earth beneath its mantle grey;
The fair round moon with beams of silvery white,
 Resists the darkness and prolongs the day.

Between the shadows of the trees, there fall
 Pale sheaves of radiance; upward, grim and
 dread,
The spectral trunks rise high; amid them all
 Come seeming whispers from the sainted dead.

I seem to hear their voices in the air,
 I bend to hear the message they may bring;
Is it a requiem over days of care
 Now past, or hymn of praise they sing?

Alas! I wait in vain. On my dull ear
 Th' inarticulate sounds fall evermore
Like ocean surges, not distinct and near,
 But far off, breaking on a distant shore.

I turn to other thoughts, once more a child,
 Dear nature pours into my untaught ear
A flood melodious, and my soul is wild
 And jubilant with song of loftiest cheer.

Once more the joy of innocence is mine
 And sweet and pure in ceaseless tone
It fills my throbbing heart with song divine;
 No other shares it, this, is all my own.

Down by the brook, it warbles with its flow,
 O'er highest hills it winds the mellow horn,
Within the shaded wood, in movement slow,
 In one great hymn of praise all sounds are
 borne.

That hymn in rhythmic grandeur, pure and calm,
 Is raised to Nature, and to Nature's God.
My soul, now free, would join the sacred psalm
 And tell its holy rapture all abroad.

Rosemoor Farm, June, 1898.

TOIL

Heroic toil doth move the bar
That kept it down. So like a star!
Or rather, like a *spirit* fair.
Eternal—God like, in the air
It mounts, to trace in glorious lines
The zone where Fame eternal shines.

September, 1898.

AN OCTOGENARIAN'S PRAYER

“Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee Lord, my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake.”

“Now I lay me down to sleep.”
Gently let my eye-lids close:
Day is done, and darkness deep
Bids tired nature seek repose.

“I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.”
If Thou dost care, what need care I?
If Thou dost watch, I well may sleep
And say to all the world “Good bye.”

"If I should die before I wake."

It may be so. Not far the date,
Full soon life's fretted cord must break;
At four score years, I calmly wait.

"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

I give Thee all. Oh! hear my prayer!
Accept the gift, for Jesus' sake
And take me to Thy mansion fair.

Chillicothe, Ohio, February 20th, 1899.

A DAY AT HARBOR POINT, MICH.

MORN

HAIL rising sun ! o'er far low hills ascending,
Thy beams outstretching westward o'er the bay,
Whose rippled waters with thy radiance blending,
Salute the dawning of the gladsome day.

Earth wakes to music; jubilant its voices
Ring out from bird and brook and verdant trees,
While 'gainst the shore the hoarser surf rejoices,
And full content doth whisper in the breeze.

NOON

Oh radiant noon ! full of the sun's fair shining,
From earth's low bound up to the zenith's height;
How blest upon some restful bank reclining
To breathe such air, to bask in such a light.

No cloud obscures the blue pellucid heaven,
This day let sorrow flee to other lands;
Here, kindly peace hath choicest blessings given,
And joy brings welcome in uplifted hands.

L. of C. t

EVENING

The setting sun hath brought the day its ending,
Far o'er the wave its clear reflection glows,
The bay and sky, so like, in one seem blending,
The twilight long doth brings it own repose.

Yon horned moon westward is slowly sinking,
The stars in due procession, one by one,
In lustrous splendor, far above us twinkling,
Proclaim their kinship to the radiant sun.

Come gentle sleep and touch my eyes with poppies,
Let me in dreamland for a while abide,
Where fancy's facile brush may paint me copies
Of this day's morn—and noon—and eventide.

Harbor Point, Mich. July, 1899

AN OLD MAN'S RETROSPECT

My four score years proclaim, I am not young;
But time, that subtil thief, hath not as yet
Stol'n all my pleasures. Ne'er can I forget
The haunts of childhood—the shouts that rung
From voices jubilant—the songs we sung,
The race—the swim—bare feet in rivulet,
O'er which wide spreading branches now are met.
On either side green vines were trailing hung;
The rippling water o'er its pebbly bed
Thrilled its own music to my careless ear
And all unnoticed, sweetly, ere it fled
Dropped on my heart its impress deep and dear.
While memory holds such treasures I'll not dread,
The winter of my age, nor deem it drear.

AT EIGHTY YEARS

I AM not old but only gray;
My white hairs do not mean decay.
My young heart with my mind conspires
To kindle never dying fires.

I am not old but only gray;
Mere callow youth can only say
“I’ll try.” While age may say “ ’tis done.”
The battle fought—the victory won.

I am not old but only gray;
Youth’s fancies on the earth may play
Entranced, but age may reach on high
And with its long arm touch the sky.

I am not old but only gray;
I waive past sorrows far away
And bid my stricken soul be glad;
Welcome the good—reject the sad.

I am not old but only gray;
Years are but mile-stones on the way;
Fresh youth may go a quicker pace
But *staying* age will win the race.

I am not old but only gray;
My youth held out a promise gay
But broke it to the hope, at last
Age sits in triumph on the past.

I am not old but only gray;
I sit and muse, I dream, I pray;
I build me castles in the air
And people them with beings fair.

I am not old but only gray;
Sweeter than e'er before, this day
Are hum of bees and song of birds
And lisping children's earliest words.

I am not old but only gray;
My youth's sweet love is sweet today;
As at the first, so now we dwell
In love, nor wish to break the spell.

O Father! let me not decay
And drivel through a weary way
Until the end that comes to all
Shall wrap my bones in funeral pall.

But to the last, not old, though gray,
Give me, dear Lord, the gentle ray
Of thy dear love; I'll all resign
To Thee, and place my hand in Thine.

1899.

LITTLE TRAVERSE BAY

(WITH STORM ON THE LAKE)

THIS breeze that now the harbor's bosom wakes
 With gentle motion, on the bay
Has wider, wilder scope, and ceaseless breaks
 The wave, where whitecaps roll and play.

And far beyond the head-lands, on the main,
 The same wind, stronger in its might,
Doth take the voice of storm; Ah! not in vain!
 The waters rise to mountain height.

They fiercely dash upon the shelving shore,
 Then backward roll, to gather force
To break more strongly; while yet more and more
 They beat the land without remorse.

Their source, the depth far out, profound and dark,
Where wrecks on wrecks lie deeply stored;
Where fortunes slumber, and men's bones lie stark
Amid the stillness, unexplored.

Stillness, abysmal! vain the weary stretch
Of fancy free to count the cost
Of treasures here long buried, or to fetch
To sight one image of the lost.

We wait for clearer skies and smoother seas
When storms are o'er; when we shall sail
Serenely, with a lightsome flowing breeze,
Above the wrecks and bodies pale.

Harbor Point, Mich., August, 1899.

THE BURIAL

BRING flowers, for the sainted dead to wear,
Entwine them deftly in her thin grey hair:
A rose on her breast and a lily fair,
For her adorning.

Her spirit has taken its heavenward flight,
To dwell with the angels and saints in white;
To us, her going is darkness of night,
To her, 'tis morning.

Ye, bearers, move slowly, bringing her bier,
Step lightly and softly, set it down here;
This grave will be hallowed, by treasure so dear,
For her, it's waiting.

We lower her coffin down to its place
Beneath the green sod, whose closing embrace
Shall shut out the light. For her, through God's
grace,
The day is breaking.

With her, when living, her charm and delight
Were ferns and blossoms in colors bedight,
Among which she moved from morn until night,
And never grew weary.

'Tis fit to surround her, in her last sleep,
With what she loved best; let these her watch keep
Through silence of night, as the long hours creep,
Ever so dreary.

Let her grave be festooned in every line,
With branches of cedar, hemlock and pine;
While fern leaves and flowers in beauty combine
To make of this mound,
The loveliest spot on that beautiful hill
Where th' dead sleep in silence, so deep and so still,
At last, we trust fondly, free from all ill,
To rise from the ground.

Chillicothe, Ohio, June 9th, 1900.

POPPIES

THE poppies shone in various bloom
In rainbow colors bright and fair,
So warmly brilliant, left no room
For other radiance to share.

So proud their leaves abroad were spread,
So high their heads aloft they bore,
Disdainful, haughty, as if dread
Of death could never haunt them more.

Again I looked, the stems were bent,
To earth their blossoms drooping, fell;
No more toward heaven their bloom is sent,
No more we feel their witching spell.

So I have seen the human flower,
So loved, in beauty shine supreme,
Then droop, and die; Oh! sad the hour
That robs me of my love's sweet dream.

July, 1901.

LOSS OF SIGHT

To MISS —————

SOMETIMES I think of thee, as losing sight;
And then my fancy takes a sweeping flight
On wing outstretched, among the sons of men
Who gained renown world-wide by voice or pen,
Yet knew not the propitious light of day
To guide or cheer them on their darksome way.

Prophets and seers, in darkness wrapt sublime,
Saw far adown the lengthened track of time;
And poets rare, all nature's beauty lost
To their closed eyes, saw yet a mighty host
Of seraph forms, and landscapes far more bright
Than seeing eyes behold, by day or night.

But thou canst see, tho' dim the vision be,
Somewhat of earth's great glory. Still for thee
Sunshine and shadow come and go, and flit
Alternate gold and dark. Thy path is lit
With love undying, a serener light,
Which glows and quickens in its onward flight.

Some household duties guide thy willing feet,
Some errand finds thee on the open street;
A call for some good deed doth reach thine ear,
And quick response is thine to lift or cheer.
Thy seat is humbly filled in place of prayer;
Who else is absent, thou art always there.

I see about thee gathering throngs of friends,
Whose voices soft, a song of gladness sends
Into thy heart, all open wide and quick
To take thy joy of such companionship.
Among that throng I fain would come, and bold,
Lay claim to thy regard for one so old.

Let not my age bespeak me cold and stern,
For yet my heart is warm. Within me burn
Undying fires. For thee the flame doth glow
With youthful heat. My pulses are not slow,
But quick, when fond emotion fills my breast
With thoughts of thy dear friendship long pos-
sessed.

Harbor Point, Mich. July, 23rd, 1901.

THE STORM

THE lightnings flash, the thunder roars,
The rain in torrents madly pours,
 The wind blows high;
'Tis night! one moment quivers bright,
The next is darkness' self; no light
 Illumes the sky.

The noise of waves from out the bay,
As mad the waters bear their way
 Against the shore,
Make loud the tumult, and the flash
Of lightning shows the water's dash
 Only the more.

A quivering light repeated oft
Reveals the clouds now borne aloft
 To furthest skies;
Below, the land and wave are bright
With sudden splendor, and the light
 In darkness dies.

The wind in deeper howl bemoans
The darkness, and the air now groans
 As if in pain:
How sharp the pang! how deep and strong
Its throes in fury roll along,
 Beneath the rain!

Earth shakes amid the wild display,
The air and water hold full sway,
 While man before
It all, stands gazing on the scene,
As if such things had never been,
 Nor would be more.

Harbor Point, Mich., July, 1901.

OUR GOLDEN WEDDING

THE VOYAGE OF MARRIED LIFE

WILT step into my boat, he said;
The maiden fair stood by his side:
With cheeks suffused with blushes red,
And trembling lips, she thus replied:

Pray whither doth the voyage tend ?
And is the river deep and wide ?
Do fair blue skies above it bend,
And some calm sea await its tide ?

Or doth the river find its bed
Amid a rough and rocky way,
While dark clouds gather over head
No sun to cheer it with its ray ?

To this the youth, touched by her fears,
Content to meet or pain or bliss,
If haply she through coming years
Might share his lot, gave answer, this:

I know not what may hap. God reigns,
And under Him, I hold the oar;
Why think of losses, or of gains,
The soft wind's breath, or tempest's roar?

Step in, nor doubt that future years
Shall bring due strength whate'er betide,
Let hope prevail and calm thy fears
And take thy place, close at my side.

She gave her hand and left the shore;
And so two lives were joined in one
For all life's journey: never more
Shall these two part,—till life is done.

The stream that bore them, speeding fast
Relentless held its tortuous way,
Sometimes through golden sands it passed
With children on its banks at play.

Sometimes the jagged crags' embrace
(Their summits rising tall and gray,)
Kept out the light, save one dim space,
Far upward, where it still was day.

Sometimes the day resplendent shone,
Nor less the splendor of the night;
The stars with radiance fair looked down,
The moon, with still serener light.

But oft the gathered clouds o'er head
Shut off the heavenly vision fair,
The thickening gloom around them spread
And seemed to darken all the air.

Without a glimmering star to guide,
It seemed as if all hope had fled.
But no ! that star doth still abide;
When hope doth die, then all is dead.

The clouds dispersed, and broader flows
The stream on which the pair embarked:
A quiet bay invites repose,
Its shores with radiant beauty marked.

The trees, in Autumn foliage clad,
The grass ne'er showed a greener sod;
All Nature's thousand voices glad,
Unite in songs of praise to God.

Here let our travelers rest awhile,
As all the past doth pass review;
For this, a tear—for that, a smile,
For all, glad thanks, devout and true.

Chillicothe, Ohio, October 1, 1895.

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